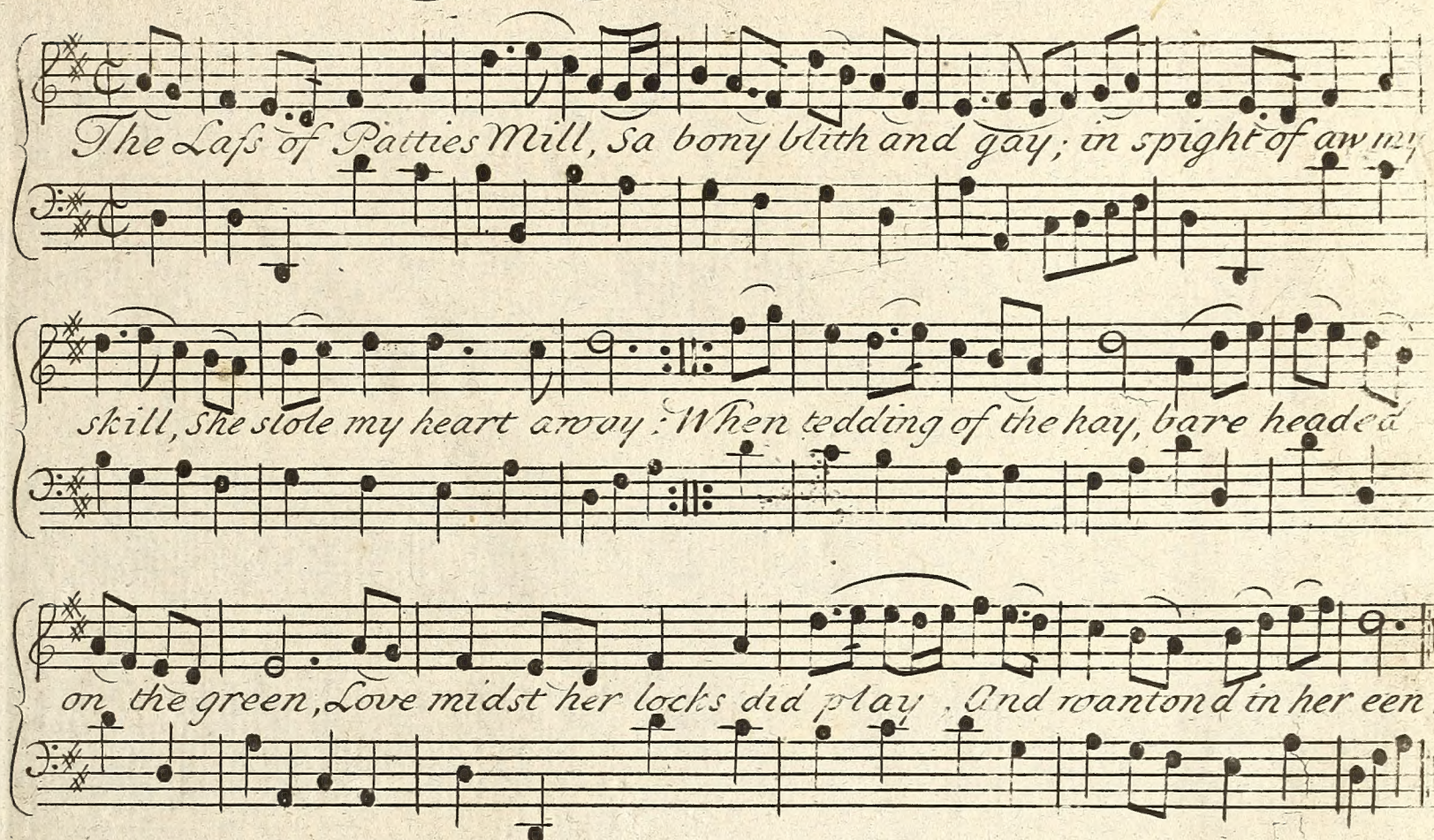


The Lass of Patties Mill.



The Lass of Patties Mill, sa bony blith and gay; in spite of aw my
skill, she stole my heart away: When tedding of the hay, bare headed
on the green, Love midst her locks did play, And wantond in her een.

Her arms white, round & smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn;
To age it woud gi youth,
To press them in his hand:
Thro' all my sperits ran,
An extasie of blifs;
When Ise such sweetness faund,
Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

Without the help of art,
Like flours y' grace y' wild;
She did her sweets impart
When eer she spoke or smild:
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride;
She me to love beguild,
Ise wisht her for my bride.

Oh! had Ise aw the wealth,
Hopton's high mountains fill;
Insurd long life and health,
And plesure at my will,
Id promise and fulfill,
That none but bony she,
The Lass of Patties Mill,
Shoud share y' same wi me.

Flute.



Gross Sculp.

B. C.
From [unclear] shop
"Gentle" Russo
Made by J. Russo
[London, c. 1725]
Figs. L